

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming a *Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.*

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### Review of New Books.

*The Cheltenham Mail Bag; or Letters from Gloucestershire.* Edited by Peter Quince the younger. 12mo. pp. 137. London, 1820.

SINCE the time that Anstey wrote his Bath Guide, a work which will ever continue a favourite with the admirers of talent and of genuine humour, there have been several productions of a similar description and of various degrees of merit. Of these, the author of the 'Two-penny Post Bag,' and the 'Fudge Family in Paris,' has been decidedly the most successful. He possesses a most happy vein of satire, and if it was less mixed with personalities,—gross personalities, it would appear to still greater advantage. Another writer, who, under the signature of Q in the corner, published a volume of parliamentary letters about two years ago, displayed considerable abilities in this line of writing. The author of the volume before us has ventured into the field with more slender pretensions, and, although he may wish us to believe him a friend of the Fudge family, by a correspondence with some of its members, yet no one who reads both works will discover the slightest consanguinity of the authors.

The 'Cheltenham Mail Bag' contains a dozen letters, written by various persons to their friends. They are all tolerably poetical, but some of them very heavy and obscure. This character, however, does not apply to the whole of them; and, as it is our wish to select the most favourable specimens, as well as to display our gallantry by yielding a precedence to the lady correspondent, we shall insert the third letter which is,—

FROM MISS DOLLY SKETCH TO MISS BIDDY FUDGE.

—'s Boarding House, Cheltenham, May, 1820.

'I BLUSH, my dear Biddy! to think of the time  
Your letter unanswered has stared in my face,  
And now in a fit between prosing and rhyme,  
I sit down to implore my dear Biddy, "*mille grace*,"  
The truth is "young K—R—N," (you know him, my love,  
The shade of a man—seen, like pasteboard, to move  
When we girls pull the string—since each exquisite motion  
Must be roused by a smile,—for his inward devotion—  
"*L'Amour propre*," I mean, has so addled his brains  
That but little of memory's essence remains.)  
But the truth is, he promised to get me a frank  
That his friend, my Lord Trifle, had promised him—  
blank.—

And so long have I waited, that patience at last,  
Worn out in the service, has bid me adieu;  
And now with a heart-soothing sigh to the past,  
And a hope for the future—I turn, love! to you.  
Oh, fear not forgetfulness ever can dim  
The pure radiance of friendship that glows in my heart,  
Our joy-cup may bitterly taste at the brim,  
But the sweets at the bottom will never depart!

VOL. II.

My PA's still in London—you've heard I suppose  
Of his trip to dear *Paris*?—oh, nobody knows  
How I longed to go with him! to trace o'er again  
The scenes which my Biddy once bless'd in a strain  
Of such elegant verse, that I vow and declare  
I often have thought that a little French air,  
As it made such a heavenly poet of you,  
Might inspire your poor Dolly's imagining too!  
Only think of Mama,—who, ill-natured for once,  
Took it most pertinaciously into her scone  
To protest "on her soul," not one step should I budge:—  
"Only think," she exclaimed, "of your friend Biddy  
Fudge,

And her calico-hero—his whiskers and gaiters,  
And his ugly bald pate, she with laurels would cover!  
And oh, should some wretch of those vile *petits maitres*  
Be transmogrified into my dear Dolly's lover—  
A shock such as that, I should never recover!"

Oh, Biddy, how could you romance so, my child,  
What a feast of delight for poor Dolly you've spoiled!  
So my fate was decided, and here I remain,  
Like a sorrowful turtle to brood o'er my chain.  
Well, it's mighty provoking, I vow and protest,  
That a girl of my spirit should thus be opprest!  
And now, by my hopes of a husband, I swear,  
That the very first fellow who fancies me fair—  
—Oh, dear! here's mama—so the sentence must stay  
Unfinished, alas! 'till some happier day.  
—In my last, love, I told you the rapture and joy  
My aunt felt in the birth of her dear little boy,  
But what are our raptures, our joys, and our blisses,  
If thro' life they are transient and fleeting as this?  
For the poor darling infant but lived to excite  
The very first smile of maternal delight,  
When the angel of death bore the cherub away  
To its place in the realms of eternity's ray!  
—We've persuaded my aunt for a time to remove—  
Change of scene may do much, you know, Biddy, my  
love!

And thus we're kept busy the live-long day cheering  
Her spirit with all that's polite and endearing.

But I go to the balls—for 'tis true, flesh and blood  
Can never resist them; and then, love, you know  
That my staying at home's of no possible good,—  
And I candidly told the poor sufferer so.

—There's another great loss in our family here,  
My old uncle M——, good natured old dear!  
I think I have seen him somewhere at a ball,  
Or dear Lady Do Little's "at home"—but that's all;  
And to grieve for so mere an acquaintance—such folly  
Ne'er entered the head or the heart of your Dolly.

—Oh, Biddy, my love! what a fancy is mine!  
Here vanity's out of the question completely—  
My invention, dear creature, you'll own is divine,  
When I tell you the thought that came over me lately.  
—As your poets, who now, like the gods of the sphere,  
Call boldly about for what seasons they chuse,  
And can bid clouds or sun-shine alternate appear  
To cover the charms of each whimsical muse,—

37—2 Q



Why should not we girls, who are muses ourselves,  
Have prerogatives more than a match for those elves?  
And roam thro' this world in what fancies and airs  
May suit our caprices,—and think for a minute  
At the very next *route* to run briskly up stairs  
Arrayed in true splendour—there's nought amiss in it,—  
In new *mantles of sun-beams*—and oh, what a thought,  
If pelisses were made out of *comets*, my dear!  
Frosts, climate, and cold, we might then set at nought,  
And dread Lapland no more than the vale of Cashmere.  
Then hear my device for a new *nether* garment—  
So elastic and light, love, and not the least harm in't;  
Could we manage such cobwebs, as drily we're told  
Saved the saint from the fate of a martyr of old,  
Concealing the chink in the wall, where *perdu*,  
His reverence was screened most divinely from view:  
Only think, with our figures adorned by the graces,  
And our charms kept so pliantly tight in their places,  
Like a groupe of young sylphs upon earth we should rove,  
And call into being enchantment and love!

Adieu, my dear Biddy!—this magical thought  
Replete with such fancy can ne'er be forgot—  
But now the post waits—and I scarcely have time  
To search for a neat little finishing rhyme,  
To tell you how dearly—how truly and wholly  
I'm your faithful, devoted, affectionate DOLLY.

Mr. Harry Sketch is also a correspondent with the Fudges, and as the association with the family appears to have inspired the muse more happily than on any other occasion, we shall give the letter a place. It is Letter the Sixth:—

FROM HARRY SKETCH, ESQ. TO ROBERT FUDGE, ESQ.  
'At length, Bob, escaped from the dust of the schools,  
And oh, worst, from that dust of a prig, my old tutor,  
Having breathed my *adieux* to the quizzical fools,  
And stifled in mirth the "*ne crepida sutor*"—  
Having now bid a lasting farewell to my books,  
And escaped from the bore and the trammels of college,  
Here, *self-rusticated*, 'midst fountains and brooks,  
Henceforth I shall find my *peria* of knowledge;  
My preceptor be pleasure—but oh, provost reason,  
May no *vice* e'er impose on my heart a *by-law*;  
My *term-time* shall be in the height of the season,  
And my grave *morning-lecture* a lounge at the Spa.  
With health for my *bed-maker* here shall I dwell,—  
After all, Bob, be nature my blest *Alma Mater*.—  
That "truth lurks at the bottom," your Quidnuncs may tell,  
Here for once she is found at the *top of the Well*,  
Solving medical problems, with Cheltenham water.  
Now hang it! to think how this musty phraseology  
Sticks to our style in iambs or prose—  
Like our chaplain, whose head was so stuffed with naseology,  
He incessantly snuffled us into repose!—  
*Mais allons!* Bob, my lad, if you've finished your whet  
Of cold sirloin, or ham, which I fancy you now  
Substitute for the "*déjeuner à la fourchette*,"  
(Since "*necessitas non habet legem*" you know,)   
If your stays are laced on, and your pins all in order,  
Your collar set tight—your head *cheveux de frise*'d,  
As I have not your knack of describing a larder,  
Let's seek other game,—and if souls could be pleased—  
(That's the soul of a thorough-bred *gourmand*, like you,  
Who can fancy nought exquisite save your *ragout*,)  
With the beauties that nature luxuriantly flings  
O'er this valley of brightness—the *vale of the springs*!  
—But no,—'tis in vain that my pen would pourtray  
The scenes that for ever are sparkling and gay;  
Where Spring, fondly mingling his sunshine and showers  
With his garland of myrtles, sheds freshness and bloom;

Where Summer lays smiling on wild beds of flowers,  
And Winter forgets all his chillness and gloom;  
Then fancy, dear Bob, how enchantingly blithe  
Ruddy Autumn looks out, o'er the hill and the dale—  
Now shaking fruit clusters—now whetting his scythe,  
Whilst the wheaten field gorgeously waves in the gale!  
Come hither, come hither, tho' nature herself  
May lavish her bounties and beauties in vain,  
Yet fashion, the Queen of each dandified elf,  
Invites you to swell out her glittering train!  
There's nought here but bustle, and hurry, and strife,  
Plays, concerts, and balls,—how you smile at the sound!  
Good humour and pleasure at emulous strife,  
And mirth gaily tinkling his joy-bells around,  
But here break we off, for the present, my boy!  
Only come, and a glimpse of our happiness catch—  
And if you don't linger and taste of our joy,  
Ne'er trust to your truly attached, HARRY SKETCH.

At the end of the volume there is an Appendix, containing 'Lines read before a Shakesperian Society,' 'Bottom's Dream,' and a 'Letter from William Cobbett to the greatest man on earth, in my opinion, MY SELF;' in which the political and general conduct of that writer is rather severely censured. The lines on Shakespeare possess great merit, and, we doubt not, but every reader will be struck with the following passage, in which the author's enthusiastic admiration of the divine bard is beautifully expressed:—

'But absence cannot the free thought restrain;  
Nor time, nor distance end my Shakespeare's reign.  
I've loved him long; nay, I have now forgot  
The day or hour in which I loved him not.  
While yet a child, perceptive though untaught,  
His fairy-dreams my young attention caught;  
And oft to my dear mother's breast I clung  
More closely, as the well-reciting tongue  
Of one who loved me would the tale disclose,  
Of Hamlet's murdered sire or little Arthur's woes.

A school-boy next, and when my growing mind  
Could seek enjoyments proper to its kind,  
I loved thee, Shakespeare! more than youthful play,  
Green fields, rude mountains, or companions gay;—  
Than flowers that bent beneath the wild bee's touch;—  
Than rivers where I bathed—and that was much!  
Oft when thy mirth my sorrows would beguile,  
Or tears in turn wash off the sunny smile,  
I fancied that the season of thy birth  
With its own varying sweets embued the earth  
That thou wert made of; and the close-linked sense  
Had drawn its changeeful temperament from thence;  
And thus thy genius, like thy natal hour,  
Was April all—alternate sun and shower!

Maturing years but ripened the delight  
I took to read thee;—and, as reason's sight  
Waxed clearer, and experience had unfurled  
The truth-stampt map of nature and the world,  
I found thee skilful, deep, sagacious, true;  
The same for ever, yet for ever new;—  
Thy book a breathing portrait of the mind:—  
An index to the volume of mankind.—  
Thou wast—(O, pardon my presumptuous pride,  
To call thee so,) my friend, companion, guide,  
That taught me the soul's mazes to explore,  
To pierce the semblance, and dissect the core;  
Of nature's forms the hidden spring to view,  
And find their beauty and their moral too.  
O, 'tis a study, noble and refined,  
To search the fertile garden of thy mind;—  
Itself a Paradise, like that whose flowers,  
Immortal fruits and never fading bowers,



First sprang, unmodel'd from the new-formed earth,  
Original,—but perfect at their birth;  
A prime creation; from whose pregnant roots  
This after-world derives her trees, and flowers, and fruits.  
Thus hath thy wit creative wonders wrought,  
Formed to new shapes the never-hacknied thought;  
Original, yet ne'er to be surpassed,  
Mature at once tho' through all time to last;  
In whose rich volume, (all poetic ground,)  
The noblest germs of thought and poesy are found!  
In thee I saw the ever-varying line  
Of beauty; and have learned what strains divine  
From mortal lips may issue; yea, from thee,  
Have heard a more than earthly melody.'

This extract will, we doubt not, leave our readers, as it has done us, on good terms with the author; it convinces us that he can write better things than have found their way into the Cheltenham Mail Bag.

*Travels through England, Wales, and Scotland, in the year 1816.* By Dr. S. H. Spiker.

(Concluded from p. 595.)

THE second volume of this work contains the author's tour through Wales and the western counties of England, including also a visit to Cambridge, the University of which is very circumstantially described. The author appears throughout the whole of his travels to have paid particular attention to the fine arts, and he gives copious details of the treasures of art which several of the splendid mansions of our nobility contain. He was prevented from doing this at Eaton Hall, the seat of the Earl of Grosvenor, as, he says, he 'reached the mansion half an hour later than the time, during which the liberality of the Earl allows all strangers to see it.'

Between Llangollen and Oswestry is the aqueduct of the Ellesmere Canal, of which we have the following account:—

'The eye is attracted by the magnificent aqueduct over the Dee, and especially by the contrast of colours which it exhibits; the arches are of iron, and appear black, while the piers, which are of sand stone, appear of a bright yellow. By this aqueduct, the Ellesmere Canal is carried over the ravine through which the Dee flows, and runs through Denbighshire. To reach it, we must descend from the road, which is higher than it, and proceed to it along a side path that crosses a draw-bridge. The place near which it is situated is called Pont y Cysylltau, whence the aqueduct itself frequently goes by that name. It was commenced in the year 1795, under the direction of the celebrated engineer, Mr. Thomas Telford, and opened on the 29th November, 1805. The length of the whole is said to be 1007 feet; its height, from the surface of the river to the upper line of the balustrade, 126 feet, and its width about twelve feet within the iron work. The eighteen piers of excellent sandstone on which it rests are about forty-five feet distant from each other, and connected by arches of cast iron, which combine elegance with durability, and give the whole an appearance of lightness in which the aqueducts of Glasgow and Lancaster are deficient. The span of the arches appeared to me to be about twenty feet. The balustrade is likewise of iron, consisting of bars on the one side, but on the other of iron plates, rivetted fast to each other. The craft, by means of which the coal navigation is carried on through the canal, are very narrow, and drawn by horses. At the end of this aqueduct, there is a small bason with a lock to it, as in the aqueduct at Lancaster.'

Our traveller was disappointed with Bath, as its cres-

cents, parades, and other rows of uniform buildings did not appear to him so striking as it has been generally represented. On leaving Bath, he visited Corsham Hall, the seat of Mr. Methuen, where there is an excellent collection of pictures, particularly the 'Morning' and 'Evening,' by Claude Lorraine; the latter is said to be by far the best, and to be far superior to all the pictures by Claude, in Germany. After enumerating several valuable pictures in one of the rooms, the author says:—

'But the jewel of this room is a picture, said to be by John Van Eyck, two feet five inches in breadth, and three feet five inches high. It represents a holy family; the virgin is sitting in a blue dress in the centre, with the infant Jesus at her breast; St. Anne on her right, and St. Catherine on her left side; the latter habited as a queen, in rich flowing robes, the folds of which are painted in a wonderfully rich style; Joseph is behind Mary, looking at the group. It is impossible to tear ourselves hastily from this picture, the conception and execution of which are equally beautiful; I went several times through the different rooms, but always found myself at last beside this treasure.

At Brighton, Dr. Spiker could not gain admission to see the interior of the Pavillion, but he has recorded his opinion of this costly edifice, which is in perfect accordance with that of every man of good taste who has seen it. He says,—

'The Pavilion itself is surrounded by a wall of tolerable height towards the Steyne, so that, in order to have a view of the building, we must fall back a considerable way towards the opposite houses. There is nothing pleasing in the appearance of this edifice, which consists of one circular central building, surmounted with a cupola, and ornamented with six columns of the Ionic order, having two wings on each side connected with it. The cupola looks small and insignificant, the columns too thin and diminutive, and the upper windows of the wings, which are smaller than the lower, and half concealed by a viranda above them, and a balcony before them, are out of proportion and mean looking.'

In the account of the University of Cambridge, the author falls into an error respecting the Fitzwilliam Museum, which the translator should have corrected. This valuable collection was not left to the University by the opulent Earl Fitzwilliam, but by Viscount Fitzwilliam, who died without heirs male, by which the title has become extinct.

The library of Trinity College contains from 30 to 40,000 volumes, preserved in book cases:—

'Among the curiosities which are preserved in two locked divisions of these cases, we must in the first place mention the invaluable and most complete collection of writings for the History of the Age and Life of Shakespeare, as also of Shakspeare's own productions, bequeathed as a legacy to the University, by Edward Capell, well known as an editor and commentator of the immortal poet. It consists not merely of a series of the editions of Shakspeare's works (containing Capell's own very neat transcript of the works of the poet, in several quarto volumes, which probably served as the groundwork of his edition), but also of a collection in several hundred large volumes of contemporary plays; editions of single plays of Shakspeare, &c. in all sizes, of which Capell himself drew up a particular catalogue, attached to the collection. The other rarities are several manuscripts of Milton, particularly of his *Comus*, a masque; his *Arcades*, with a great number of emendations, but all in a very legible hand; the plan of the British Troy, an epic poem, which, if I am not mistaken, was to have embraced a considerable portion of English history. The first plan of his *Paradise Lost*, in which the subject is treated in a dramatic form, and in which shape



he seems to have continued it to a considerable length; also one of his poems, composed after his blindness, and written to his dictation by his daughter; several of Newton's letters and additions to his works; letters from learned persons to Smith, the optician; and, among others, one from Voltaire; Bentley's manuscripts, chiefly relating, however, to the New Testament, some editions of which, with notes in his own hand writing, are in the collection; a book of observations by him on various subjects; copies of some inscriptions which he found at Rome, and of which, as he there informs us, nothing is to be found, either in Reinesius or in any other collection; Paw's edition of Haphestion, with notes by Bentley. Among the other manuscripts I was struck with a part of the Iliad, with the commentary of Philoponus, of the twelfth century; and the original of the Lexicon of Photius, twice transcribed by Porson (his first copy having been burnt), but which, for calligraphic beauty, is far inferior to the copy; several books not yet published, as for instance the correspondence of the Cardinals Borgia and York, chiefly carried on with Sir John Cox Hippenley, a member of Parliament still living; a memoir on the Government of James II. by Viscount Lonsdale; an account of the Origin and Progress of the Rocket System, by its inventor, Colonel Congreve; the Speech of Don A. J. Ruiz de Padron, deputy from the Canary Islands, to the Cortes, and a speech of the well known minister Jovellanos, printed on board the ship Caledonia, in the Mediterranean sea, and presented to this library by Sir Sydney Smith, &c. &c.

From Cambridge, our traveller went to Newmarket, and witnessed, for the first time in his life, a horse race, which must have made a singular impression on a foreigner. We shall conclude our extracts with quoting a part of the Doctor's observation on a scene to him so novel:—

'The course is distinguished by nothing but the turf with which it is covered, whence it is, for the sake of brevity, called the turf. Near the end of it, opposite to the house for the spectators, runs a small enclosure of posts, connected with each other by ropes, extending as far as the little house, called the judge's box. This little house, which is of wood, and not unlike a centry box, moves on rollers, and can, by the aid of a shaft fixed to it, be drawn any where. As soon as the ground for the race is marked out, it is *shoved* forward to the great post standing at the end of the course, and on which the judge, standing on an elevation, lays his eye to ascertain precisely which horse has first reached the goal. His sentence determines the gain or loss, and he immediately enters it in a little book which he carries with him. The next station in point of importance is the betting post, a stake near to the goal, and the house for the spectators, round which the amateurs, who are mostly on horseback, assemble and commence their bettings on the success of this or that horse which is to run. Assembled in a circle round this post, they stand closely wedged together, and nothing is to be heard but the continual cry of twenty, thirty, forty, two hundred pounds, on such or such a horse, against such or such; whilst some of these gentlemen enter the bets made in their pocket books. The money is paid in the coffee-house, immediately on returning into the town after the races are over. In the mean time, the races have commenced, perhaps at the distance of a mile or two from the betting-post, whilst the bettings still go on, and the gentlemen of the turf do not discontinue them until they see the advancing horses. At this moment, every person who had till then been on the race-course, leaves it: the whippers, who are grooms armed with large hunting whips, continually walk about it, and by smacking their whips, keep the course clear; every one retiring on the other side of the posts, or boundaries, to see the horses arrive. At length they come hurrying in, whipped and spurred by their riders to the utmost speed; and in a moment fly past the spectators, and even past the judge's goal without stopping, to the weighing-house. As soon as they have passed the judge, he pronounces his

sentence aloud; the multitude, curious and eager in the utmost degree, crowd round, all inquiring who has won.'

From the extracts we have given, it will be seen that this is an interesting work, and we recommend it as a vade-mecum to such as may have occasion to travel over the same ground. It does not, to be sure, enter into the trifling details of which is the dearest tavern, or the most accommodating landlord, nor are we annoyed with an account of bad roads, jaded horses, drunken coachmen, or broken carriages, but it points out to the readers the objects best worth the attention of a traveller, throughout the British empire. To those who may not have the advantage of travelling, and wish to become acquainted with our country, these volumes will equally recommend themselves, although the production of a foreigner.

*Mazeppa Travestied: a Poem. With an Introductory Address to the Goddess of 'Milling' and her Worshippers, 'The Fancy.'* 8vo. pp. 54. London, 1820.

BOXING, or, as it is *classically* termed, 'milling,' is a strange subject for inspiring a poet, and yet we find some writers displaying considerable genius and talents in its praise. That their pens might be employed on a better theme, we think few persons will doubt,—but genius is a thing of such rarity, that we are always happy to meet with it on any occasion. The author of 'Mazeppa Travestied,' is deeply versed in that lore of vulgar life called slang, and deals it out most copiously in his poem. In the preface he defends travesty, or parody, and declares that it is not from the hope of grafting his own fame on that of a noble bard, that he has parodied his poem of Mazeppa. He has, however, a fair hit at another poet. He says,—

'As to my view in writing the following Travesty, I will not be positive, that some desire to rival, in lowliness of language, in simplicity of sentiment, and in dulness of description, a certain Lake Poet, may not have spurred my Pegasus; and in this, probably, I have succeeded; if so, the Waggoner and his Bell may jumble and jingle on together unheeded, and the people may say, in the manner of Ossian—

'The grass grows wild on the grave of the donkey,  
The sound of his bray is no more.'

But such will not be the case with Balaam; for I do prophecy. I predict, and I foretell, that my ass will make a greater noise than his ass, and that my Joey will be found a more moral character, according to the modern system of morality, than his Peter. I love my Joey, and I love my Ass; but not as he loves his, inasmuch as we are not of a kin, and there is no sympathy between us. Not to tire your patience, courteous reader, (as the Almanack hath it,) farewell. Do not accuse me of egotism; but read my poem, and confess it is a good one. I like it, and think so.'

The hero of this poem is a worn out boxer, whom the author calls Joey, who, when a young man, seduced the wife of a costermonger, in Tothilfields, and was by the injured husband and his neighbours, placed on—

'As pure an ass  
As ever fed on summer grass.'

Having made him fast to the animal by ropes, he was turned loose on the world, when the donkey started forward to Hounslow Heath, and after galloping about and dragging his unfortunate rider through a horsepond, he became exhausted, fell down, and died. Poor Joey, who had been on his back for four-and-twenty hours, was at length released by some persons passing, and lived to re-



late this tale to a party returning from a boxing match. The following passage, which is the only one we shall insert, will show the author possesses genius. Joey has been all night on the donkey, when he says:—

“The donkey’s strength seem’d nearly done,  
Just then I saw the rising sun;  
I thought it very lazy.  
I thought the day would never break,  
And with that thought began to quake;  
I knew not what of it to make,  
The weather was so hazy.  
At length he came, the stars fell back;  
The dusky moon he gave the sack,  
And fill’d the earth, the shining elf,  
With light made only by himself.

Up jump’d the sun; off went the fog,  
As fast away as it could go,  
From heath and hill, and fell, and bog—  
But what availed it Joe?

Heath, hill, or fell, bog, valley, plain,  
They did not give me ease from pain;  
No soul was there whom it might suit  
To set me free, nor man nor brute,  
Not e’en the cawing of a rook;  
It seem’d as all the spot forsook  
At sight me. Along we went—  
How his poor knees beneath him bent!  
And his rough sides so lean had grown,  
It would have touch’d a heart of stone!  
At length, as we along did pass,  
I heard the braying of an ass,  
Behind a heap that look’d like clover—  
Is it a bray? and is it over?

No; from behind that heap a score  
Of asses come, with voices loud;  
Perhaps their number might be more—  
There was, indeed, a motly crowd.

My donkey join’d them in their roar;  
They come along with shuffling trot—  
The devil a rider have they got:  
Aye full a score,—nay, doubt me not—  
With whisking tails and lifted lugs,  
Tossing about their ugly mugs,  
Without or either bit or bridle,  
On they come, with legs not idle.  
The sight of such a frisky set  
Made my poor bearer lively get:  
He ran to them; but ere they met,  
He tumbled o’er a stone.

’Twas over with him—one low bray  
He gave, as on the ground he lay—  
His wind from him had flown.

The brood came up, and on his crup  
They saw Pill Garlic tied;

I thought that all with me was up,  
So sly my phiz they ey’d.

They look at me, as up they pass,  
Male and female, every ass;

But when they saw the flannel jacket,  
And apron blue, that I had on,

All in a moment ceas’d their racket;  
They turn’d, and soon were gone.

They left me there, nor came again,  
Tied to their dead and brother beast,

In whose cold carcase life had ceas’d,  
The most ill-used of men,—

Outworn with pain I’d borne so long,  
A shadow of what once was strong;

He dead, I nearly—there we were,  
Stretch’d out upon the plain,

A pretty melancholy pair!”

*Popular Voyages and Travels; comprising the Tour of Europe. Abridged for the Use of Schools and Young People. With Introductory Remarks on the Character and Manners of various European Nations.* By the Rev. T. Clark. 12mo. pp. 445. London, 1820.

THERE is, perhaps, no species of reading more attractive, and, to young persons in particular, more instructive, than voyages and travels. To become acquainted with the manners and customs, laws, and religion, of other countries, is always an object of curiosity, and is essential to a due appreciation of the advantages or disadvantages of our own native isle. But, desirable and necessary as this information is to every one destined to mix in the world, the very expensive manner in which modern voyages and travels are got up, places them beyond the reach of a large class of readers.

It is, however, with great pleasure we see so much done to obviate this disadvantage in the work before us, which gives a condensed or analytical account of the most important works on the subject, retaining every thing that is necessary to make the reader acquainted with the country of which it treats, and omitting only those dry details or personal adventures of the traveller, which can often well be spared, and although sometimes of interest, are always objects of secondary consideration.

The present volume, which is descriptive of Europe, contains an abridgment of no less than twenty-one distinct works, many of which are recent and expensive. They are generally well selected, and are the best works on the subject, if, perhaps, we except Curwen’s *Letters on Ireland*, from which alone the description of that island is taken.

The editor of this work does not confine himself to mere extracts, but gives a connected account, and frequently corrects the errors of the authors he quotes. This is particularly the case with Simond’s *Tour in Great Britain*, in which those mistakes into which a foreigner was likely to fall are rectified.

A work which professes to be little more than a compilation, does not furnish much original matter for extract, and to quote from the works that are thus abridged, would not afford sufficient proof of the ability with which it had been executed.

A series of introductory remarks, however, are prefixed by the editor, to each country, and we select those on Italy:—

“This beautiful country has, for a longer period than any other in Europe, preserved her pre-eminence. When France and Britain were in a state of great barbarity, and unacquainted with the refined arts that tame the natural ferocity of man, Italy was adorned with sumptuous edifices, and the resort of the wise and the great. But even before the commencement of the Roman story, the Italian Peninsula may lay claims to refinement; and, in the remains of Etruria, though the historical records have been swallowed up in the gulfs of time, the monuments of a great and ingenious people may yet be discovered.

“The Roman story is itself one of the most splendid passages in the history of man; and, had no other circumstances rendered the scenes of Italy objects of curiosity to the traveller, the remains of the power and grandeur of that magnificent people would still have made it one of the most interesting countries. Twice, it may be said, has this country given cws to the western world: at first, by the triumphs of the Roman arms, and afterwards, by the religion of the Popes; perhaps, we might even go farther, and say, that Italy has ac-



quired a third empire, by her proficiency in the fine arts—more glorious than either.

'The inhabitants of this superb peninsula have been so long habituated to contemplate objects of greatness and of beauty, that, in point of taste, they must be considered as entitled to the first place among the moderns. In their appearance, they are a very noble race, notwithstanding the dark olive of their complexion; and their physiognomy is characterised by a pensive cast, that is even more national and peculiar than their complexion. In their dispositions, they have been so long habituated to elegance, that they are considered even more luxurious than they naturally are; but, in all ages, they have been considered as a sensual people, and, perhaps, more justly than as a luxurious; for, in their diet and the use of wine, they are unquestionably frugal. In their passions, they are rather intense than violent, more vindictive than irascible, revengeful than indignant; but the great blemish of their character, is the want of personal chastity, by which the cement of domestic life is destroyed among them; and, as it is the great support of all the virtues, the Italians are, of all people, the least ennobled in these days with public spirit. They indulge, it is true a longing and languishing wish for national independence; but they want the spirit to assert it; and, in consequence, they fall, from time to time, a prey to the boldest adventurer that aspires to govern them.

'The true sovereign of Italy, if he only knew how to secularize his power properly, is the Pope; but, by aiming to preserve more than the spirit of the age will allow him to retain, his government is gradually sinking into dotage and ruin. But the provincial princes, who, while they bow to his authority in ecclesiastical matters, refuse to yield him any allegiance in secular, present a curious and interesting miniature of the state of Christendom, when the papacy was in the full vigour of its faculties, and unrestrained in its turpitude by any dread of popular opinion, or rebuke from the genius of the reformation.'

The work is embellished with a map of Europe, and fifteen other engravings of the principal cities or curiosities in the several countries; and we strongly recommend it, not only to young students, but to every person who wishes to possess much valuable information at little expense of time or money.

*A Voyage to Africa, with some Account of the Manners and Customs of the Dahomian People.* By John M'Leod, M. D. 12mo. pp. 162. London, 1820.

(Continued from p. 599.)

As a proof of the vindictive cruelty and cunning of the King of Dahomy, Dr. M'Leod relates an instance of his conduct towards the son of a neighbouring chief. The King of Dahomy had captured the town and massacred nearly all the inhabitants, including, as he thought, every branch of the reigning family, which he was resolved to exterminate:—

'A youth, however, about seventeen years of age, one of the sons of the obnoxious prince, had managed to conceal his real quality, and not being pointed out, succeeded in passing among the crowd of prisoners to the Dahomian capital, where, after selecting that proportion thought necessary for the ensuing sacrifices, the captors sent the remainder to Grigwee, to be sold at the factories. This young man happened to be purchased by me, and he lived thenceforth in the fort, in a sort of general rendezvous or trunk, as it is called, for those belonging to that department.

'In a very short time after this transaction, it somehow transpired at Abomey, that there yet lived this remnant of the enemy's family; and, in order to trace him out (for the

scent had, in some degree, been lost, not knowing whether he had been disposed of to the English, French, or Portuguese, or whether he was not actually embarked,) the King fell upon a scheme, which strongly displays that species of cunning and artifice so often observed among savages.

'Some of his Halfheads (who may very appropriately be termed his mortal messengers, in contradistinction to the immortals sent to the shades,) arrived one evening at the fort, and with the Coke (a stern and hard-hearted villain), who, in the absence of the Yavougah, was the next caboceer, demanded admittance in the King's name, prostrating themselves as usual, and covering their heads with dust. On entering, they proceeded immediately to that quarter where the slaves were, and repeated the ceremony of kissing the ground before they spoke of the King's word, that is to say, delivered his message. The Coke then made a long harangue, the purport of which was to signify the King's regret that animosity should have so long existed between him and the chief of that country which he had just despoiled, and to express his sorrow for the fate of a family which had suffered from his displeasure, through false accounts and misrepresentations. For this reason he was now most anxious to make every reparation in his power to a son yet remaining of that prince, and would readily re-establish him in the rank and possessions of his father, could he only find him out. Completely duped by this wile, the unsuspecting lad exultingly exclaimed, "I am the son of the prince!" Then replied the Coke, with a hellish joy, at having succeeded in his object, "you are just the person we want;" upon which these Halfheads seized him, and began to bind his hands. Finding by this time the real state of the case, which at first it was impossible to comprehend, I strongly protested against their seizing a slave whom I had regularly purchased, and complained loudly of the insult offered to the company's fort—but all in vain. I then earnestly entreated them to offer the King his own price, or selection of goods, and to beg, as a favour to me, that he might be spared, strongly urging the plea also, that when once embarked, he would be as free from every apprehension respecting him as if he killed him.

'The Coke coolly replied, that I need give myself no farther trouble to make proposals, for he dared not repeat one of them to the King; and I was at last, after an ineffectual struggle, compelled to witness, with the most painful emotion, this ill-fated youth dragged off in a state of the gloomiest despair:—a despair rendered more dismal from the fallacious glimpse of returning happiness by which he had been so cruelly entrapped.

'He was immediately hurried away, and murdered, to glut the vengeance of this pitiless and sanguinary barbarian.'

The Dahomians, we are told, have very retentive memories, though unacquainted with letters; they are ingenious and industrious, and carry on a considerable trade with their neighbours in various articles of their own produce and manufacture:—

'The language of Dahomy is free from the nasal and guttural sound peculiar to the nations to the westward of Accra; the words of the former generally terminating in vowels, conveying to the ear a softer and more pleasing tone.

'Their names of men and places have often a compound signification. Abomey, the capital, for example, means literally "Let me alone;" Whymbo, (a man's name,) "God is above;" and one of the titles or strong names, assumed by Whenoohew, was Scdozaw, or "Wherever I rub, I leave my scent."

'Their drums are formed by excavating a piece of a tree and tying sheep's skin over each end of it. It is rather an awkward instrument, requiring (in marching) one man to carry it on his shoulder, whilst another walks behind him beating it. Their songs are tolerably musical, and they manage their other rude instruments with considerable dexterity. They have a sort of harp, constructed by fastening five strings to a bow, at the



end of which a calabash or gourd is fixed, which vibrates the sound with a very agreeable effect. They have also small flageolets, on which they play very sweetly.

When they meet for the purpose of dancing, it is usually by moon-light, under some large tree, where individuals, by turns, exhibit the most extravagant gestures; and, in proportion to their ability of twisting themselves into fantastic attitudes, they are applauded with clapping of hands by the rest of the party, who, formed into a circle, caper round them and chaunt a song in general chorus. The revelry of devils and witches, as witnessed by poor Tam O'Shanter in Alloway kirk, could not have presented a more demoniac scene, than such an assembly of these naked savages.

An inferior, in this country, salutes his superior by kneeling, clapping his hands thrice, and then snapping his fingers at him, precisely as one would do in England who wished to insult another. There is nothing, perhaps, which strikes a traveller more than the strange variety in the mode of salutation, or expression of respect, in different parts of the world. In Europe, they shake hands; uncover the head and bow; scrape with the feet; embrace; kiss hands, toes, &c. Some of the orientals uncover their feet; lay their hands on their breasts, or salam. The Chinese thump their heads upon the ground to their sovereign; clench their fists and grin at their equals; but that manner which, more especially to an inhabitant of a cold climate, seems the most awkward and ridiculous, is practised by certain islanders of the Pacific ocean, where, on friends meeting, they join their noses and rub them against each other.

On the breaking out of the war, Dr. M'Leod left Dahomy, where his situation had not been very comfortable; and there is nothing further in his own history detailed in this volume deserving particular notice; we shall therefore conclude our extracts with a marvellous tale. The Doctor has told us, he knows 'a good mode of astonishing a tiger,' and he appears to be equally expert at astonishing his readers. We allude to the following curious adventure, by which a naval officer made a considerable sum of money:—

Whilst cruising off Cape Tiburoon, in the island of St. Domingo, in the Sparrow cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Wylie, they chased and came up with an American brig, whose cargo, added to other circumstances, created such suspicion of her being enemy's property, that they thought proper to send her into Port Royal for examination.

The American captain, however, swore so positively, through thick and thin, to the truth of the papers which he produced, that the Admiralty-court was induced to set him at liberty, when he instantly commenced a prosecution for demurrage against Lieutenant Wylie for having detained him.

In this state of the affair, the present Lieutenant Fitton of the navy, (then a midshipman commanding a small tender,) arrived in Port Royal, and went on board the Sparrow to visit Wylie, whom he found exceedingly low-spirited at the idea of the ruinous damages which would be awarded against him, on account of the Yankee.

Fitton, on hearing the name of the captain and brig, and the nature of the cargo, desired his friend to be under no apprehension, for she was yet a good prize.

He then explained, that cruising in his tender, near the spot where the Sparrow had chased the vessel in question, and much about the same time, they had caught a large shark, and were surprised on hearing the man employed in cutting it open, sing out, "stand by to receive your letters, my boys, for here's the postman come on board," handing out at the same moment a bundle of papers from its maw. These were but little injured by the digestive powers of the animal, and Fitton retained them.

They now appeared to be the real papers of the American,

which he had thrown overboard when pressed in the chase, and which had been swallowed by this shark. They proved, beyond a doubt, that the cargo was French.

The two gentlemen proceeded instantly up to Kingston with this new decisive evidence, but all further investigation was rendered unnecessary, for the captain of the brig was so thunderstruck on hearing the circumstance, (naturally considering it as a visitation from Heaven for his perjuries,) that he immediately absconded, and the vessel, after all, was condemned to the Sparrow, giving Wylie three thousand, and my friend, fifteen hundred pounds, for their respective shares.

Mr. Fitton sent up the jaw-bones of this shark to the Admiralty-court at Jamaica (where they now remain,) with his compliments, observing that he considered them a very proper collar for all neutrals to swear through in future.

But this tell-tale shark had not yet done with the poor Americans, who never lost an opportunity of turning an honest penny, by carrying on the trade of our enemies.

Captain Otway was at that period serving in the West Indies, in the Trent frigate, and happened to be present at the discussion of this affair of the shark. Being about to sail on a cruize, Mr. Waterhouse, the prize agent, desired him, if he met with a certain American brig, (which he described,) and could find out the captain's name to be Pearl Darkey, a name he was not likely to forget, so send him in, for, by the same papers, it appeared that he was deeply concerned in these transactions.

The Trent sailed, and, among others, fell in with a brig of a description similar to that which Mr. Waterhouse had given; and the moment the master of her stepped on the quarter-deck of the frigate, with his papers in his hand, Captain Otway, at a venture addressed him, "Mr. Pearl Darkey, how do you do—I am glad to see you,—the very man I have been looking for." Jonathan started and turned pale, on hearing his real name thus familiarly mentioned, (for it was actually Darkey himself,) and Captain Otway added, by way of helping him out of his dilemma, "I am in possession of your whole history and connexion,—I know every thing about you, and am now going to send you into Port Royal for judgment." The man, in his dismay and confusion, naturally concluded that their schemes had been betrayed by some who were in the secret, and did not even attempt to defend himself under his fictitious character. The ruse of confidently addressing him at once as Pearl Darkey, threw him off his guard, and deprived him of every subterfuge. She was accordingly sent in and condemned a good prize to the Trent, after the fullest proof of her being loaded with the property of the enemy. In the whole of these transactions, this Anti-American shark was a solitary, but very convincing evidence.

We must now take our leave of the Doctor, but not without thanking him for a very agreeable hour's reading, which this little volume has yielded us.

*Select Biography; a Collection of Lives of Eminent Men who have been an honour to their Country.* By various distinguished writers. Parts I. to IV. 18mo. London, 1820.

If, as is generally admitted, example is of more force than precept, and that one fact is worth a thousand doctrines, then must biography be the most instructive of all species of writing. To contemplate the virtues and talents which have raised their possessor to eminence in life, and to an imperishable immortality, will naturally tend to create a virtuous emulation and stimulate to similar exertions. But biography is not only to be considered as furnishing a guide to be followed, but also as exhibiting those shoals and quicksands in life on which too many have foundered.



To use the language of the prospectus by which this work is announced, 'a perusal of the lives of celebrated men will not only teach us to aspire to eminence in arms, in arts, and science, but will lead us to what is far more important and universally attainable, the acquisition of moral excellence. Every man has it not in his power to be a statesman or a philosopher; but every man may be honest, benevolent, and humane; and he who cannot compete with the wise and the learned, may at least imitate the virtuous and the good.'

The four numbers of this work (which is periodical) already published, contain the lives of Latimer, Bernard Gilpin, Cranmer, Wicliff, and Lord Cobham, all written by William Gilpin, Dean of Salisbury. As the work does not pretend to originality, its chief merit must be in selecting the best biographies extant, and this has certainly been done in the lives before us. Each biography is embellished with a portrait of the individual, and the work is printed in a convenient pocket size. The principal advantage of the 'Select Biography,' will be that of enabling readers to purchase any separate Life at a moderate price.

### Original Communications.

#### THE RETIRED TRADESMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—You must know that I am a plain, retired, old citizen, just rich enough to keep my tradesmen from my door, and of consequence enough to occupy the churchwarden's pew in my resident parish. I have the oldest seat in the tavern, the deepest vault in the church-yard, the snugest cottage on the green, the crustiest wine in my bin, the neatest garden within my shrubbery, with a fish-pond, in which the cruel hook and twisting worm have not yet been thrown, at least to my knowledge. I have the pride to cut cucumbers in March, to cut cabbages in April, to gather peas in May, cut cauliflowers in June, hive my honey in July, take in my grapes in August, dig my celery in September, make my cider in October, preserve my melons in November, prepare my herbs for smoking in December. In January, I can produce young potatoes, and February never comes without a dish of asparagus on the table to commemorate the wedding-day of your humble servant and his dear rib. I do not scruple, Sir, to say, I have risen from a low and obscure origin, and I believe my ancestors were never favoured with any other *arms* than those Nature gave them—the *arms* \* of industry; which, from time to time, have been conveyed down to the right of this arm which now enables my pen to write. Very well, Sir, I am in the true legitimate line of succession, down from old Dad Adam, and Cain, the author of fratricide, and 'a tiller of the ground.' It seems, Sir, to me a question whether the 'divine right' fraternity have not occasionally inherited one of Cain's crimes, if historical writers are to be credited; and Josephus, whose veracity is to be relied on, now and then tells us so by answering this question very fairly

\* Coats of arms are *blazoned* by metals and colours when they belong to Gentlemen under the degree of *nobiles minores*, as Gentlemen, Esquires, Knights, and Baronets; by precious stones, when to those of the Nobility, as Barons, Viscounts, Earls, Marquesses, and Dukes; and by planets, when to Emperors, Kings, and Sovereign Princes.

and too truly. But, Sir, I have never committed fratricide, unless over-reaching a brother tradesman a little formerly, by the way of profits and early rising, be thought such. In my conscience, Sir, I have ever regarded the name and substantive quality of an *honest man*. But, Sir, like a true Hibernian, (yet I do not know why,) I shall finish my letter before I begin my complaints, which are *twofold*; and I trust some correspondent will advise me, for, though I always take my own opinions, I like to hear the opinion of others. I have often observed men who have been bred in the country, like Goldsmith's Traveller, wish, some time or another, to return into it. This I prove by experimental demonstration. I toiled forty years in a dark warehouse in the city, and, like the shadow to a poet in a hot day, it is yet a spot of unfeigned satisfaction, but that something unenjoyed, but ever hoped for, removed me from it for a quiet which now I feel irksome; but I go often you know, Sir, into my old haunts, and am revived. My advice is useful to my nephew, and I don't fail to open his eyes as to getting on, and plodding and the like. Now, then, to my *first complaint*. When I first built my box, I stood on its roof with an admirable telescope, and took a bird's-eye sketch of all the *ruralries* around; every spot was decorated with trees and rivers; here was a grove with no building except the spire and the parsonage—there stood a range of hay-stacks, and the four quarters were quite open to my desires, and the fine dome of St. Paul's cathedral seemed to look through the leafy scenes upon me like an ancient patriarch, to remind me of my once adversity, now prosperity, and decline of years. Alas! alas! Sir, I am hemmed in by houses raising their bricky fronts all round me! Look where I will for the country in the morning, I see nothing but smoke and flue. If I scan after what the French call the *point de vue*, I perceive gossiping caps at a respectful distance, and hear, though a little deaf, (for I use a speaking trumpet,) the wonderfully trifling tales of slander from every chamber-window; and plenty of by-play, instructs me, that 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances,' and as 'one man plays many parts,' this is my occupation necessarily.

My *second complaint* is, Sir, a very, very proud upstart daughter! She taunts me because I do not speak French at dinner-time—because I choose to wear a wig and a cocked hat—because I wear diamond buckles in my shoes and a stock round my neck—because my watch, and a capital one too, is like a turnip, and, like its monitor, sedately correct—because my clothes smell of tobacco—because my tail hangs between my shoulders like a piece of old junk—because my stockings were worn in the last century—because my gardener is my footman, and my carriage a dark brown—because my study is a museum, and my sitting-room at the back part of the cottage. Every thing about me is so ancient; even the reading society to which I subscribe has not romances enough.—The Italian master takes snuff—the drawing-master has no taste but for bulbous roots—the music-master is a perfect natural, mostly in a minor key, and makes twenty flats for one of her sharp tones—the dancing-master has a large foot and a small violin—the embroideress never laughs, and is always teasing, and never does that which is elegant and fanciful—the writing-master is too taciturn, and the geometrician too fond of angling and of making unaccountable figures—the astronomer is casting the



celestial phenomena, when the star of the dukedom of the terrestrial would be more congenial. And so, Sir, what with the deprivation of my own comforts and her importunities, well supported by her mother, I am literally at a loss how to proceed, unless you render me a word in season, which shall have the due consideration of, Sir, your's,

TIMOTHY TRUEMAN.

## The Instructress.

No. II.

### TABLE TALK.

THE learned Selden once published a 'nice little book,' which was adapted to the pocket; it was very classically divided into sections, and appropriately denominated 'Table Talk.' But when the *gossip* had purchased it, to be an amanuensis to her tongue, which, of all conscience, was voluble enough, she found it was not that sort of 'Table Talk' to which she had been accustomed, and so she threw it aside as *Greek* to her, for its contents were more refined even than her *lump sugar*, and more highly flavoured than her best *souchong* or but rarely tasted gunpowder tea.

Mr. Selden was a judge, and his 'Table Talk' was much relished by the wits of his court,—but there is a wide difference between the *wise saws* of a grave lawyer, and the *pertinacious prattles* of a domestic governor, *alias* governess; because he thinks correctly before he speaks, and she speaks incorrectly before she thinks, and so the 'Table Talk' of Judge Selden has never obtained any popularity beyond the pale of *nisi prius* or common pleas.

But what a contrary effect has the 'Table Talk' produced, which was penned by the sensitive and humane bard of Olney! He, whose powers were so versatile, that he will ever delight us with the harmless merriment the equestrian Gilpin excited, when—

'The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last, it flew away.  
Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.  
The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out,—“Well done!”  
As loud as he could bawl.'

And yet, though these verses and their remainder have been 'said or sung,' at all tea parties, and in all our nurseries, the poet has not rested here, but has penetrated the very chambers of the palace, and becomes a severe though just admonitor to kings and states and nations, which is proved with uncommon energy in the subsequent dialogue, between A. and B. :—

A. 'Tis your belief the world was made for man;  
Kings do but reason on the self-same plan:  
Maintaining your's, you cannot their's condemn,  
Who think, or seem to think, man made for them.

B. Seldom, alas! the power of logic reigns  
With much sufficiency in royal brains;  
Such reasoning falls like an inverted cone,  
Wanting its proper base to stand upon.

Man made for kings! those optics are but dim,  
That tell you so,—say, rather, they for him.  
That were, indeed, a king-ennobling thought,  
Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.  
The diadem, with mighty projects lined,  
To catch renown by ruining mankind,  
Is worth, with all its gold and glittering store,  
Just what a toy will sell for, and no more.  
Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good,  
How seldom used, how little understood!  
To pour in virtue's lap a just reward,  
Keep vice restrained behind a double guard;  
To quell the faction that affronts the throne,  
By silent magnanimity alone;  
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,  
Watch every beam philosophy imparts;  
To give religion her unbridled scope,  
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;  
With close fidelity and love unfeigned,  
To keep the *matrimonial bond unstained*,—  
Covetous only of a virtuous praise;  
His *life* a lesson to the land he sways;  
To touch the sword with conscientious awe,  
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw:  
To sheath it in the peace-restoring close  
With joy beyond what victory bestows;  
Blest country, where these kingly glories shine;  
Blest England, if this happiness be thine!

A. Guard what you say: the patriotic tribe  
Will sneer and charge you with a bribe.

B. A bribe?  
The worth of his three kingdoms I defy,  
To lure me to the baseness of a lie;  
And, of all lies, (be it one poet's boast,)  
The lie that flatters I abhor the most.  
Those arts be theirs, who hate his gentle reign,  
But he that loves him has no need to feign.

A. Your smooth eulogium to one crown address'd,  
Seems to imply a censure on the rest.

B. Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,  
Asked, when in h—l, to see the royal jail;  
Approved their method in all other things;  
But where, good sir, do you confine your kings?  
“There,” said his guide, “the group is full in view.”—  
“Indeed!” replied the don, “there are but few.”  
His black interpreter the charge disdained:  
“Few, fellow? there are all that ever reigned.”  
Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike  
The guilty and not guilty, all alike.  
I grant the sarcasm is too severe,  
And we can readily refute it here;  
While Alfred's name, the father of his age,  
And the sixth Edward's grace the historic page.

A. Kings, then, at last, have but the lot of all,  
By their own conduct they must stand or fall?

B. True. While they live, the courtly laureat pays  
His quit-rent ode, his pepper-corn of praise;  
And many a dunce, whose fingers itch to write,  
Adds, as he can, his tributary mite;  
A subject's faults a subject may proclaim,—  
A monarch's errors are forbidden game!  
Thus free from censure, overawed by fear,  
And praised for virtues that they scorn to wear;  
The fleeting forms of majesty engage  
Respect, while stalking o'er life's narrow stage;  
Then leave their crimes for history to scan,  
And ask, with busy scorn,—“Was that the man?”  
I pity kings, whom worship waits upon  
Obsequious from the cradle to the throne;



Before whose infant eyes the flatterer bows,  
 And binds a wreath about their baby brows;  
 Whom education stiffens into state,  
 And death awakens from the dream too late.  
 Oh! if servility with supple knees,  
 Whose trade it is to smile, to crouch, to please;  
 If smooth dissimulation, skill'd to grace  
 A devil's purpose with an angel's face;  
 If smiling peeresses, and simpering peers,  
 Encompassing his throne a few short years;  
 If the gilt carriage and the pamper'd steed,  
 That wants no driving and disdains the lead;  
 If guards mechanically formed in ranks,  
 Playing at beat of drum their martial pranks,  
 Shouldering and standing as if stuck to stone,  
 While condescending majesty looks on;  
 If monarchy consists in such base things,  
 Sighing, I say again, I pity *kings* \*!

Two or three admonitory lines to those who are in civil power, shall close the present 'Table Talk':—

'Let discipline employ her wholesome arts;  
 Let *magistrates* alert perform their parts,  
 Not skulk or put on a prudential mask,  
 As if their duty were a desperate task;  
 Let active laws apply the needful curb,  
 To guard the peace that riot would disturb;  
 And liberty, preserved from wild excess,  
 Shall raise no feuds for armies to suppress.

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### Londiniana,

No. XII.

#### THE FIRE OF LONDON.

[The following account of that tremendous catastrophe, the Fire of London, is from the *Memoirs of John Evelyn*. The writer was an eye-witness; and his simple narrative possesses an unaffected pathos, more impressive than the most laboured description could have made it. The account is from Mr. Evelyn's Diary, Ed.]

Sept. 2, 1666.—This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire, near Fish Streete, in London.

Sept. 3.—The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn, and went to the Bankside, in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames neare ye water side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner,) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning, from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornhill, (for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward,) Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainsard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running

about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greates distances one from ye other, for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather, had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away.

Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not scene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light scene above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neer fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more!

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with a fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

Sept. 5. It crossed towards Whitehall; oh the confusion there was then at that court! It pleas'd his Maty\* to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, while the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts, (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across,) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd neare ye whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commanded to be practic'd, and my con-

\* See Spectator, No. 9, for illustration.

\* An abbreviation for his Majesty.



cern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north; but continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruins by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharves and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischief, so as the invective\* which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty and publish'd, giving a warning of what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the citty, was a look'd on as prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who, from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well furnished houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruine, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

Sept. 6, Thursday. I represented to his Maty the case of the French prisoners at war in my custodie, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseis'd houses. It is not, indeed, imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he shewed his affection to his people and gained theirs. Having then dispos'd of some undercure at the Savoy, I return'd to Whitehall, where I din'd at Mr. Offley's†, the groome porter, who was my relation.

Sept. 7. I went this morning on foote fm Whitehall, as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Streete, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paule's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehille, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time, his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torn ye vessells in ye river, and

render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church St. Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautifull portico, (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the King,) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie Portland stone, flew off, even to ye very rooffe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruins of the vaulted rooffe falling broke into St. Faith's, which being fill'd with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere one hundred more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the companies' halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people, who now walk'd about ye ruins, appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye Kings since ye conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornehille, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to pass through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruins of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have scene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees, dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploing their losse, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and council, indeede, toke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hosti-

\* The fumifugium.

† Dr. Offley was rector of Abinger and donor of farms to Oke-wood Chapel, in the parish of Wotton, in the patronage of the Evelyn family.



lity, were not onely landed, but even entering the citty. There was in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those two nations joyning; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troopes of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Maty's proclamation also invited them. Still ye plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

Sept. 13. I presented his Maty with a survey of the ruines, and a plot for a new citty,\* with a discourse on it, whereupon after dinner his Maty sent for me into the Queene's bed-chamber, her Maty and ye Duke onely being present; they examin'd each particular, and discour's'd on them for neere an houre, seeming to be extremely pleas'd with what I had so early thought on. The Queene was now in her cavalier riding habite, hat, and feather, and horseman's coate, going out to take the aire.

### Original Poetry.

#### SONNET.

O NATURE! how sublime the forming hand  
That gave thy great machine its wond'rous pow'rs!  
The changing seasons, the revolving hours,  
The great magnificence of sea and land,—  
All, all bespeak an aid supremely grand  
And omnipresent!—Mighty are thy stores!  
The sun, whose renovating glory pours,—  
The moon's resplendent majesty how bland;  
These, too, disclose a great and wise command,  
Give day its brightness and its shades to night:  
Whatever fills the earth, air, sea, or land,  
In the Almighty Maker's praise unite!  
Man, though degraded, let thy spirit raise  
Recordant songs of emulating praise!

O. F.

#### SEPARATION.

THE worst of tortures fate can find  
To lacerate the feeling mind,  
Or rob the soul of rest,  
Is when its adverse laws ordain  
That separation's powerful pain  
Should agonize the breast.

\* P. 381. Mr. Evelyn, in a letter to Sir Samuel Tuke, dated 27th September, speaking of the removal of the 'Change to Gresham College, says, 'The rest of the citty and suburbs is peopled with new shops, the same noise, business, and commerce, not to say vanity. I presented H. Maty with my own conceptions, wch was the second, within two days after the conflagration, but Dr. Wren got the start of me. We often coincided.' Part of the plan was to lessen the declivities, and to fill up the shore of the river to low water mark.

Oh, 'tis an anguish too severe  
For even hope to sooth or cheer,  
Though deck'd in radiance bright,  
For like dense vapours which arise,  
And cast a gloom upon the skies,  
It soon obscures her light.

Its torturing pangs, alas! are found  
More painful than the keenest wounds,  
That venom'd darts can send,—  
For fortitude can suffer pain;  
But oh! to part and not again  
Rejoin; a much lov'd friend!

B. B. T.

#### LINES

*Addressed to Mr. Kean on his departure for America.*

THEME of the public's wonder, love, and praise,  
We ill can spare thee, Kean! but go thy ways,—  
Go—if it be thy pleasure,—it is ours  
To wish thee happy profitable hours;  
To wish thee honour'd in that distant land,  
As thy high worth and genius demand;—  
Yet be their homage, we devoutly pray,  
Less than our own,—lest thou be lured to stay  
Too long from us, whose eyes, like thine, are wet  
With fearful presage and unfeigned regret.

Fair be thy voyage—prosperous thy sojourn!  
And soon, oh very soon, mayst thou return!  
Else how shall the already drooping stage  
Succeed the public feeling to engage?  
How shall those shades of majesty and woe,  
Richard, Othello, and the mad Lear, show  
Hate, jealousy, and grief, when thou art gone?  
For thou hast truly made them all thine own!

When shall we hear the deep heart-diving tone?  
When shall we see the lightning of an eye  
So full of the high spirit's mastery?  
When those great bursts, impetuous and refin'd,  
The true-born children of a master-mind?  
The emanations of a harmless soul,  
Which spurns at all but nature's true controul?  
Oh, not until we hail thee here once more,  
And English eyes, hands, hearts, attest thy power!

Go, and may every blessing glad thy heart,  
That thou can'st wish, and a kind fate impart;  
At least, such blessings as away from home,  
May wait in other climes on those that roam.  
May these be thine, and greater ones in store,  
When from Columbia thou return'st once more  
To bid our eyes and hearts with passion's streams run o'er!

J. W. DALBY.

### Fine Arts.

#### THE QUEEN'S PUBLIC ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM BY SIGNOR CARLONI.

THIS picture has greatly attracted the public attention, in consequence of its relation to an illustrious personage now publicly accused. Generally, party does not assist the arts, because the arts shrink from party. The statesman discloses his budget, and the politician discusses the most momentous transactions, without one expression of anxiety for the arts. Neither the soft smoothness of Canova, nor the elegant grace of Stothard, nor the rich beauty of Lawrence, nor the fine nature of Hobday, attract their attention, although, by such neglect, they evince a notorious disregard for those interests which they profess to serve.



We confess that we were rather prejudiced against this picture, in consequence of observing in a contemporary Journal, an *anticipatory* notice, founded upon what is termed, in the ingenious vocabulary of that very *independent* and very *impartial* publication, 'the honour of an anticipatory inspection,' because such a notice generally appears to express a certain understanding between the critic and the criticised, which would be honourable neither to the critic, the editor, nor the proprietor of the picture. Such anticipatory notices bear, if not the reality, at least the semblance of undue favour. Reviews of a publication not yet issued from the press, or criticisms upon pictures on the stocks, or before they are exhibited, imply a biased partiality, and the public is not enabled to judge for itself, when the critique publicly appears before the exhibition of the work itself.

We shall not imitate some of the public Journalists, in making the critique upon this picture a vehicle of prejudice, for or against the Queen, but we shall observe upon it, simply as a work of art, rendered interesting by the original identity of the portraits of those celebrated personages who appear the most prominent in the important events of the serious political drama. To mix politics with the criticisms of a work of art, is as injudicious a sacrifice of independence as to imitate the Edinburgh Reviewers, in converting a review into a decided political or religious discussion, or rather defence of the individual doctrines of the reviewer.—Well, then, without further comment upon principles extraneous to our subject, we state that this picture is in oils, and, according to our conception of visual measurement, is in dimensions about fifteen or sixteen inches, by perhaps eleven or twelve inches. Of course her Majesty is the most conspicuous figure in the principal group, which has just reached a piece of level ground. The Queen is habited in the neat, but not elegant costume of Turkey. We are most happy, without any reference to political opinions, in impartially declaring that she is not mounted in any indecent posture, as has been stated; she is astride upon an ass, as we are credibly informed the Turkish and Asiatic ladies frequently ride, but without displaying any posture at which a foreign visitor may feel the imputation of immodesty, as she wears Turkish trowsers, which are covered almost as far down as the ankles, by a full, cumbrous, and flowing red robe. She is turning round towards the right, for the purpose of making some observation to her chamberlain. This has been construed by some, as virtually being an evidence of guilt or indiscretion; but, if we may be permitted to hazard a remark upon the incident, we beg to say that we think that the picture does not display any want of decorum, in a princess conversing with her chamberlain upon her entrance into the holy city. There is much faithfulness of resemblance in the fine little portrait of her Majesty, although she has been, perhaps, a little flattered in respect of age. Her Majesty is preceded by the janisary, who officially heads the interesting procession. Immediately behind the Queen, is Lieutenant Hownam, of the navy, her Majesty's secretary, whose name, as the newspapers inform us, will shortly become more familiar to the public ear.—This is the gentleman who, in the enthusiastic warmth of fidelity to his royal mistress, challenged the Baron Ompteda, for alleged wrongs. To the right of, and nearly behind her Majesty, is the Chevalier Bergami, mounted upon a fine Arabian charger. An engraving has been taken from this portrait, which, no

doubt, our readers have observed in the print-shops, but the likeness has not been very successfully transferred to the plate, and we particularly observe that the cheeks have not been sufficiently raised in the engravings; M. Bergami's horse is the best in the picture. The figures behind, which complete the group, are an Athenian Greek, Hieronymus, Madame Dumont, Captain Flinn, Count Schiavini, Camera the page, Rollo chief cook, a Turk, Mr. Austen, whose likeness, we may safely assert, is strikingly accurate, as we know him more than merely personally; Victoire, an interesting little female protégée of her Majesty, attired in a Greek male dress, and a Moor attending Victoire. In the distance is a palanquin, in which are carried Madame Dumont's sister, who is now in her Majesty's service, and the Countess of Oldi. A train of Mamelukes, Syrians, and Turks, forming her Majesty's guard or guides of protection, is descending the Mount of Olives, in the distance, partly with camels and partly on horseback. At the top of the hill is the holy convent, wherein, as we believe, the priests show to travellers, a stone or sacred relic, as they term it, upon which is a foot-mark, impressed, as they say with an air of gravity, by the foot of Christ, just before his ascension, and by which they beg travellers, in the name of God, to contribute a few pence for 'the showers of Christ's foot-step,' as they call themselves.

The execution of the portraits, both in their handling and identity, is excellent, and the composition is good; and the small size of the work is amply compensated for by the beauty of the portraits in the production. The landscape is red and monotonous, and there is not much merit in the *chiaro-scuro*; but the delicate beauty and truth of the portraits incline us not to be hyper-critical, especially as to those parts of the picture, which should be considered as rather subordinate, than as essential. The picture is worked upon the root of a walnut, by a Milanese artist, at the express command of her Majesty, but as it was unfinished when she proceeded to this country, it remained in the painter's hands, and was purchased by an English merchant, who now exhibits it. The smallness of the size is accounted for, by the fact that the picture was intended to fit a curious frame of religious and other relics, presented by the patriarch of Jerusalem to the Queen.

### The Drama.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—A crowded audience assembled to witness Mr. Kean's farewell performance on Saturday night. The character of *Richard the Third* was sustained by this excellent actor with that skill and power of delineation by which it has always been marked. At the fall of the curtain, which took place immediately after the fall of Richard, a general call was made for the actor, and, after a short interval, Mr. Kean entered, led in by Mr. Elliston, who advanced with him to the middle of the stage, and then retired. A considerable pause ensued before Mr. Kean became sufficiently collected to address the audience, which he did nearly as follows:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is with pain, I announce to you, that a long period must elapse before I again have the honour of appearing before you; and when I reflect on the uncertainty of life, the sentiment will intrude itself, that this may possibly be my last performance on these boards—(Cries of "No, no; we hope not, Kean.")—My feelings overcome



me—(in a voice deeply agitated,)—I am unable to proceed. (After a considerable pause, Mr. Kean resumed.) I cannot but remember with gratitude that this is the spot where I first enjoyed the welcome of public favour. I was then a wanderer and unknown; but received here shelter, and, I may add, reputation. During eight years, your favour has been my protection and encouragement,—my present enjoyment and future hope. It has been to me a shield against the shafts of calumny to which I have been exposed: it is the cargo that freights my venture to another clime, and is the star to which my thoughts, when I again direct them to my native home, ultimately turn. Ladies and Gentlemen, my heart is too full to add more: with the deepest sentiments of esteem and gratitude, I respectfully bid you farewell.

Mr. Kean then slowly retired, and his *exit* was attended with enthusiastic applause from all parts of the theatre. These testimonies of respect terminated by unanimous cheers, 'thrice three times' repeated, when a large portion of the audience immediately quitted the house.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—This splendid theatre opened on Monday night for the season. Every recess is devoted by the liberal proprietors to some alterations with the view of improvement. In this, it is true, they are not always successful, but it shows an unremitting attention, and, even where it fails, is entitled to indulgent praise. The principal improvement made for the present season, is the restoration of the lustres to the front of the dress circle with wax lights, which give a milder and more congenial illumination than gas. A new and very beautiful central lustre has been substituted for that of last season. The whole of the interior of the theatre has been retouched in the gilding and colouring, so as to give it a rich and lively effect. The only alteration we observed in the colour, is the introduction of a pale yellow, between two parallel lines eight or nine inches distant, along the solid front segment that separates the different circles or tiers from each other. The lobby of the upper boxes has been considerably enlarged in breadth. There is a new drop scene painted green and gold, in rich harmony with the green and gold gilding of the interior of the house.

The theatre opened with the play of *Romeo and Juliet*. The only novelty of the evening was the appearance of Miss Wensley as the heroine. It will be recollected that this young lady made a very promising *debut* last season on these boards, in the character of Rosalind. This, however, was her first attempt at tragedy, and, although she appeared not only to be very timid, but also to labour under indisposition, yet she acquitted herself in a manner which merited and obtained much applause. In the early and more playful part of the character, she was particularly happy, and the garden scene was given with much feeling, delicacy, and discrimination. The task of playing Juliet at this house, is one which would subject any lady to an injurious comparison, from the recollection of the manner, the inimitable manner in which it was played by Miss O'Neil. There is something very pleasant in looking back on the periods in which we have enjoyed a high gratification, but for our future pleasures and for the sake of those who now tread in the steps of that delightful actress, we almost wish that we could forget her. Mr. C. Kemble was the Romeo of the evening, a character which is well suited to his talents, and which he sustained with his accustomed excellence.

On Wednesday night, Miss Greene, who had obtained much provincial celebrity, made her first appearance before a London audience, in the character of Polly, in the

*Beggar's Opera*. She possesses a fine voice of considerable power and flexibility. Her figure is very advantageous, and her countenance is not only extremely pleasing and lively, but beautiful. She was encored in nearly the whole of the songs, particularly in 'Cease your sunning,' which she gave with very fine effect. The success of Miss Greene was so complete that the opera was announced for repetition on the following evening, amidst the most enthusiastic applause. Miss Greene will prove a very valuable auxiliary to this theatre, which is already very strong in female vocal talent.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Sheridan's opera of the *Donna* was performed at this theatre on Wednesday night, in which Mr. Braham displayed his vocal powers to much advantage, as Don Carlos, a character in which he has so often delighted a London audience. Miss Corri sustained the part of Clara with much talent. Her singing leaves nothing to be wished for. She is a perfect mistress of the science of music, and she possesses the happy art of delighting her auditors by the melodiousness and variety of her tones. A Mr. Gray made his first appearance at this house in the character of Don Antonio. His acting and singing were both very indifferent.

We observe with pleasure, that the season at this house has been extended, we believe for a month, and that during that time, the plan of admitting persons at half-price has been adopted, as at the other theatres. The price of the boxes has (on what grounds we know not) been raised one shilling.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—Mr. Bartley, the stage manager, had his benefit at this house on Saturday night, on which occasion he played the part of Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in a manner highly creditable to his talents. The general air of constitutional waggery and roguish archness, which distinguishes the Knight, was sustained throughout the whole of the character, and the occasional bursts of pleasantry were given very felicitously. On the whole, it was a very pleasing performance, and we think we may unhesitatingly rank Mr. B. as the best Falstaff on the stage. Miss Kelly played Mrs. Ford, for the first time, and with complete success. Mrs. Page found a no less adequate representative in Mrs. Chatterley. Mr. Ford was played by Mr. Egerton, of Covent-Garden Theatre. His portraiture of the jealous husband was highly correct and natural. Mr. Harley exhibited Slender with unusual fidelity; never did we see a more striking image of imbecility and inanity; it frequently excited commiseration instead of contempt. The house, we are happy to say, was crowded in every part; a mark of respect of which Mr. Bartley, both as an actor and as a gentleman, has rendered himself worthy.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Every new advance of a public theatre towards the perfection of dramatic representation should be considered as a public advantage: in proportion as buffoonery subsides, and correct taste and chastity of demeanour prevail, will the manners of the frequenters of theatres assume a more sober, respectable, or dignified character. The performances at Sadler's Wells, within a few years, have undergone a complete change; the approach to the regular drama has been rapid, and the dramatic personæ are now so very respectable, that the ear is seldom offended either by a false accent or a mispronunciation; among their principal, we enumerate Mrs. Stanley and Miss Price, Messrs. Henley, Dobbs, Frimbley, Stebbing, Betterton, Campbell, &c. and on Wednesday night,



the company was further strengthened by the first appearance of their manager, Mr. Howard Payne, in Charles de Moor, in a new tragic melo drama, founded on Schiller's tragedy, entitled *Robbers, or the Fatal Oath*. This piece, though highly extravagant and improbable in its story, affords great scope for theatrical display, is very interesting, and was exceedingly well performed. The scenery is in general good, but the first scene in the third act deserves peculiar commendation.—On the same evening, a new lively farcetta, *Not Invited*, was produced; it is taken from the first part of the *Deux Philiberts*, by Picard, was played with great spirit, and warmly applauded throughout.

The increase of respectable buildings in the neighbourhood of Sadler's Wells, and its distance from the royal theatres, are circumstances much in favour of its prosperity; but a considerable part of the population of Islington and its vicinity consists of persons who are occupied in commercial pursuits in the metropolis, through the day, most of whom return home too late to attend to the first performed pieces of the theatre; and we would suggest the propriety of affording that part of the public the accommodation of visiting it at half-price; which, we should think, would prove advantageous to the proprietors. The Haymarket theatre having recently admitted half-price visitors, Sadler's Wells is the only one that pursues an opposite course.

### Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Dr. Macculloch is now in the Island of Balta, engaged in verifying the experiments of Colonel Mudge, M. Biot, Dr. Gregory, and Captain Kater, on the figure of the earth, and in correcting the errors arising from local attraction. We also learn, that he is occupied under the direction of the Honourable Board of Ordnance, in adding to the mineralogical map of Scotland, which is now nearly completed, a survey of these islands, and that the whole will shortly be published under their auspices.

In alluding to the late dreadful conflagration at Constantinople, the German papers inform us that the great Hellenist and Orientalist, Ariston of Samos, fell a victim to the flames. Mr. Ariston, the friend and fellow traveller of the celebrated Volney, after the noble example of his countrymen, Koumas, Doucas, Carciotti, &c. &c. consecrated an immense fortune, which he had principally obtained by commerce in Egypt, in promoting and directing the efforts of the Greeks in the acquirement of knowledge and of useful institutions. Mr. Ariston had travelled over great part of Asia, Oceania, Africa, and Europe, in company with the Chevalier Dominy de Rienzi, descendant of the celebrated worthy of that name, the friend of Petrarch, and of the Emperor Charles IV, and who, in the 14th century, as tribune of the Roman people, so nobly vindicated the cause of rational liberty. In the year 1811, he published in Italy a poem in French, called '*La Poete Voyageur*,' and another in Italian, '*Il Lamento di Tasso*.' It will probably be thought a curious circumstance, that Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*, as well as his *Lament of Tasso*, are both posterior to these two poems of Rienzi's.

A meeting of Welsh bards was held on the 13th and 14th inst. at Wrexham, which was very numerously attended. Premiums and prizes were given for the best poems on various subjects. The Bardic chair was won by Robert Davies, of Nantglyn; the silver harp by Richard Roberts, of Caernarvon, who was both blind and lame. Upwards of eighty compositions were sent in, many of which possessed great merit. Two essays in the English language, by the Rev. J. W. Rees, of Carcob Radnor, and the Rev. J. Hughes, of Brecon; on

ancient British history, and the life and character of King Arthur, gained premiums.

*Printing in Otaheite.*—The English missionaries have established a press in the islands of Otaheite, at which 3000 bibles have been printed. They were all sold in the space of three days, for three gallons of cocoa nut oil each.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of the *Literary Chronicle* has learnt with equal surprise and indignation, that applications have been made without his knowledge or authority for facility of admission to the Public Exhibitions of the metropolis. He mentions this the moment it has come to his knowledge, to caution those interested, against any similar application. The Editor acknowledges no communication of any description, except through the direct medium of the *Literary Chronicle* office.

Some of our friends, we find, by mistake of their newsmen, have been supplied with another paper instead of '*The Literary Chronicle*.' To prevent such mistakes in future, they need only apprize the vendor that the price of the unstamped *Chronicle* is sixpence, and the stamped edition ten-pence.

The '*Picture of Leucadia*,' and several other articles intended for insertion this week, are deferred to our next number.

Veritas as early as possible.

T. F. is requested to send to our publisher for a letter.

Erratum: p. 590, col. 1, l. 35, for 'above' read 'alone.'

The advertisement of '*British Achievements*,' inserted in our last, had one line omitted by mistake; it is this week inserted corrected.

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PINNOCK and MAUNDER beg leave also respectfully to submit the following Opinion of the Lord Chancellor of England, (the especial Guardian of British Youth,) as delivered by him in the Court of Chancery, July 27, 1819.—

Mr. WETHERELL having applied to the Lord CHANCELLOR to grant an INJUNCTION to restrain certain Booksellers from printing, publishing, and selling 'Pirated Editions of PINNOCK'S CATECHISMS,' the originals of which he denominated 'useful Compendiums of Instruction for the Juvenile Classes of Society;' his LORDSHIP, on comparing the spurious Copies with the Genuine Works, granted the Injunction; and, after having attentively examined the latter, was pleased to make the following important observation on them:—'It appears to me that ADULTS might be greatly benefited by the instruction these Books contain, AS WELL AS THE YOUNGER BRANCHES OF SOCIETY.'

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